INESS DIRECTORY.

Coventry, Vermont,

A. D. MASSEY,

J. F. WRIGHT.

diseases a Specialty Barton Landing, Vt.

COPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON DR. PARKHURST,

GGH, will be at E. W. Langmayd's Hotel entry, Friday of each week, from 2 to 5 P. for Watertown, N. S. Truss. Kept con-TER & GLAZIER. Graining. Whitewashing id Paper Hanging done in the best style and ion guaranteed. Orders solicited.

CY PAINTER, Particular attention paid to Fany sign Writing, lettering Banners, Mottoes, Freend General Ornamenting, Drawing, Drafting,

Barton, Vermont CESSOR TO F. P. CHENEY, will continue to ell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting Ma-Orders solicited. Barton, Vt. 8

NUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleighs, Greensboro, Vt.

MISS A. J. CUTLER, LINERY DRESS MAKING and pattern rooms

PRIETOR of the Orleans County Marble Works. J. N. WEBSTER.

INSURANCE AGENT,

TOGRAPHER. Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views, val, square, and rustic Frames of all kinds. FRED. H. MORSE, NTER. Painting, Glazing, Graining, White

RNEYS and Counselors at Law, Barton, Vt

J. L. WOODMAN. LER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and findings of the

best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash, ver A. & J. L. Twombly's. MRS. GEO. C. DAVIS, AND VEST MAKER,

A. & J. L. TWOMBLY, LESALE and retail dealers in Flour, Corn Pork and Lard, Paints and Oils, Hardware, lia Goods, Groceries, Butter and Cheese. Also Bradley's I. X. L. Phosphate and Sea Fowl Gu-J. L. TWOMBLY.

A. C. ROBINSON, HOLESALE dealer in Flour, Grain, W. I. Goods, Groceries, Lime, Plaster, Oil, Fish, Salt, Iron, Nails, Glass, &c., Depot Store, Barton, Vt.

TORNEY and Counselorat Law and Claim Agent.

CTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery Will attend courts in Orleans and Caledonia ties. Prompt attention given to collections,—nsboro, Vt.

J. M. CURRAN,

MARTIN ABBOTT. HEELWRIGHT, Carriage Maker and General Job Worker. Open and Top Buggies, and va iyles of carriages always on hand. Glover Vt

ANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all

kinds and descriptions, Carpets, Room Paper, ins and fixtures, also Coffins and Caskets, Picture Glover Vt J. H. HOLTON, AGENT. facturers and Dealers, in all kinds of Harness

es. Also Whips, Currycombs, Cards, Brushes, Vacuum oil Blacking, for sale. Barton, Vt. 7-35

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TERESTING TO LADIES. Woodman, Barton, Vermont, has just opened at SEASONABLE MILLINERY GOODS and Bonnets—every shape and style—Trimmand untrimmed, in Straw, Silk and Lace, for ERY NEW STYLE

THE MOST ELABORATE

simple Shade Hat. All the new shapes beauti-nd fashionably trimmed with new shades, in Turquois Silk and Ribbon, together with athers, Aigrette

Flowers, Ponpons. Sprays, NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY RECEIVED.

GOODS MILLINERY

ancy Goods. uch as. Neopolitan, Straw, Chip Cactus. idowns and Linen hats, Bonnets of every le, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings, ks, Collars and a variety of Fancy Goods.

DRESS MAKING

XPERIENCED WORKMEN gements to receive goods from New EVERY WEEK

HE LATEST STYLES LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

and can give our customers

MRS. N. M. JEWELL.

Blacksmithing

subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens Vest Glover, and vicinity, that he has taken the Shop and West Glover, where he is ready to do all kinds

WORK.

MY GRANDMOTHER. She tells me she was handsome once,

Her eyes like jewels bright,
The snowy locks upon her brow
As jetty as the night;
And o'er her polished shoulders fell
A shower of raven curls;
Her lips were of a coral hue, teeth twin rows of pearls.

The roses on her youthful cheeks,
Like those that blush in June.
When sky, and earth, and sea, and air
To beauty all attune;
Her form a sculptore's model rare,
More glorious than her face, While e'en her slighted gesture was The very soul of grace. Her voice in tune as softly clear

As song-bird's liquid note,
When waves of richest melody
On summer zephyrs float,
I know 'tis true; for I have heard, At time that she was wed, The country round knew none so fair, But now she's withered, bent and old; Her voice is cracked and shrill;

fer trembling hands almost refuse The mandates of her will: Her brow is seamed by furrows deep. Her eyes are dimmed and biear, And often on their silvery fringe

For she has seen, like autumn leaves Her dead around her fall, And followed to the church-yard near Full many a sombre pall; And back again to earth she has Her dearest treasures given— But, looking up, she smiles and says, "I'll see them all in Heaven!"

And as I bend above her head And stroke her wintry hair, Or stoop to kiss her brow and cheeks,
So scamed with lines of care,
I feel that in my very soul
I worship at her shrine,
And pay to child of mortal birth

Stake holders .- Butchers. An extensive alum mine has been dis overed near Centreville, Utah. Oats grow eight feet high in Califor

One cent will buy three cigars Holland is said to have ten thousand

The gold yield of California is now Sunday, July 26, at his residence in El-

It is estimated that China will be market for American butter and cheese to the amount of 5,000 tons annually. A Georgia paper suspended publication for a week in order that all hands might enjoy seeing a man hung.

Greeley says that in order to raise base balls of the average diameter and density, subsoiling is actually necessary. One Missouri editor says of another. that "his ears would do for awnings to a ten-story wholesale hog-packing estab-

"Can you change a two dollar bill?" said an innecunious drinker to the bartender. "Yes." "Well, when I get a two dollar bill I'll bring it in.

Horace Greelev says that there will be no doughnut crop this fall. He says the cold March weather killed the buds on all the dough trees.

The following definition is suggested for the forthcoming edition of Webster's Unabridged: "Tomahawk-an agricultural implement chiefly used for raising

GREELEY'S SERENADE. I'll hunt the parsnip Over the plain, And the wild pig-iron I'll bind with a chain;

I'll give thee for a Nosegay sweet. A spunky young lady in Boston (what a place that "Bosting" is getting to be !) vigorously slapped the face of a you

fop who walked up beside her, and asked "Don't you know me, my dear?" It is thought he will know HER the next time he sees her. Served him right. A Rural editor tries his hand at writ-

ing a Bridge of Sighs, thus: One more potato-bug Gone to his rest,

Stepped on so tenderly, 'Cause it was best. Smashed in the dust In thy prosperity Business has bust

An exchange tells that, "at twenty years of age, Leland Stanford arrived in California with only one shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has accumulated over ten in upon them. Hetty was a sleek, sly millions." What can a man want with little brunette, who always reminded one ten million shirts?

An editor wrote a leading article the fair sex, in the course of which he Also Hosiery, Gloves, said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to diswas issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say: "Girls of seventeen are fond of beans."

What appears to be the matter with our national birds nowadays? They It's just perfect." don't amount to shucks any more. An eagle, in Burton county, Ga., swooped down upon a thomas-cat the other day, ing all the latest styles from New York and Bos- and took him up; but the thomas-cat had a few claws himself, and the proud bird of freedom had to let him drop.

At Mobile recently a shell exploded. and a piece struck one of our colored fellow citizens on the head. He flew around like a girl with a grasshopper up her trousers-leg, and finally asked "who had been pulling his hair." The head was uninjured, but the shell was burst all to pieces.

Bob-"Jim, de men don't make such fools of demselves about women as de women do about men. If dev look at de moon dey see a man in it. If dev hear a mouse nibbling, it's a man; and dey all look under de bed last thing at night to find a man. Why, I nebber looks under my bed to find a woman, does you?"

There is no accounting for a woman's wrath. A man in Albany recently plunged into the river to save a lady who was drowning, and she got as mad as an old hen because he pulled her chignon off in getting her out. The probability is that that man won't make a "humane society" of himself again right away, Delen at appropriately lyin

Mr. Drake. of Buffalo, has always enjoyed his brandy up to last week. Day and night it has been a source of inward consolation to him; but the other night he got up and went to the closet, where he kept his retail department, and drank a good horn of corrosive sublimate by mistake. Mr. Drake's duck looks well in weeds, and she is settling his estate just as fast as she can with

Jack Walter's Fortune.

Nobody saw Jack Walter's good traits with so clear a vision as little Atty Brown. Jack was a clerk in a great dry goods establishment of Dorset & Drew. He was somewhat vain of his really handsome face, and a trifle foppish, but the ground of his character was laid in good true colors, warranted to wear. Jack was poor, but ambitious and capable-so much so that the firm in whose employ he was were considering whether they should not raise his salary and send him to travel for their house. Jack got an inkling of their intentions, but discretely kept it to him-

As a matter of course, Jack having reached the mature age of twenty-two, was in love with a fair lady. He had first seen her at the store, and his heart was at once taken captive in the meshes of her golden hair.

Anne Rathburn was very lovely .-Everybody said so, and rightly. Bu she was called a flirt by sober minded people, and the young men were rather afraid of her. Those who enjoyed her confidence knew that she was waiting for a golden prize, and smiled at poor Jack's infatuation.

Miss Rathburn's father was headbook-keeper at Dorset & Drew's, and by no means a rich man. It was his wife who kept the establishment going. She had come into possession of a small fortune just as Anne was blooming into surpassed by the silver yield of Nevada. | beautiful womanhood, and consequently Ex-Postmaster General Randall died the girl was a little spoiled. The family lived in elegant style, kept a ponychaise, and Anne was gratified in all her whims, for she was the idol of both

> Jack had won upon the affections of the old book-keeper, not for selfish ends only-for there was something about the meek, thin-faced, aristocratic looking old gentleman that encouraged friendliness, and Jack had always liked him .-So occasionally the young man was invited to the elegant residence of the Rathburns, and in time found himself on a somewhat intimate footing with

> the different members of the family. Atty Brown was a poor relative who mended Anne's stockings, and aided that lazy young beauty in divers ways for her board and clothes. She was a cousin on the father's side, with nothing to distinguish her from ordinary young ladydom but a pair of glorious melting hazel eyes, fringed by the longest, thickest lashes that were ever seen. Mrs. Rathburn, like her husband, was tall and slim, and wore fashionable caps and a great quantity of false hair. Sh had once been the possessor of considerable beauty, but now people called her only fine-looking. If she had been merely the poor book-keeper's wife without the fortune, I doubt if she would

> have been considered even that. These, with a bachelor uncle, whose chief amusement was showing wonderful tricks with cards and telling fortunes, made the full quota of the bookkeeper's family, among whom Jack found himself placed on terms of the most de-

lightful intimacy. It was the first day of April, and Anne sat listless looking over some pictures, Atty Brown knitting a pretty trifle for her cousin, on the opposite side of the table, when Hetty Rogers dropped

of a purring cat. "Girls, do you know what a lovely day it is ?" exclaimed Het, loosening her dainty furs at the neck as she seated herself. "Didn't I see Jack Walters long in which he read the contents. over here last night?" she went on with a smooth little purr. "I know his profile. Is that why you like him Anne?

as mama says; does all one's errands at the same time, he proceeded at once dutifully, and is a splendid escort, with to make needful inquiries. his Greek face and graceful manners. But must one be reported engaged b

cause one has a particular friend?" Hetty laughed. "People will talk, you know," she

"Why, he's as poor as a church mouse continued Anne. "Do you think I could

marry a poor man? Never!" Atty lifted her great hazel eyes in as- chief, as he peered over the list. tonishment. She had more than suspected that her cousin did love Jack; and in his face had she not read his ab-

sorbing passion? pretends to be," laughed Anne, a faint crimson tinge creeping over the marble like beauty of her skin. "I half believe mouse when he is here."

"But don't you really like him, Anne? asked Atty, her needles suspended. "Anybody can see that he worships

about him, my dear. He's a splendid which Mr. Dorset had paid nearly a fort he had bought himself. ness. Uncle Hal settled the question but merely said,

last night. He told his fortune, you

know, and said he would marry a little dark girl. Maybe it's you, Het. You'r a great heiress, and can afford it. As for me, a rich husband or none. by the way, it's April Fools-Day, isn't it? I should like to have some fun ! Play a joke on somebody-a grand joke, that might be remembered for a year. What can I do? There! I have it. I've thought of something!" She clapped her hands and shook her blonde tresses, while her handsome blue eyes sparkled his lean fore-finger running down the with mischief.

"Well, what is it?" queried Hetty. dertone. "If some one only was going to the

"If you mean Dorset & Drew's, that an angry thrust. is just where I'm going," said Hetty, drawing her furs closer.

"You are? Well, I'll send a note to Jack. I have the whole thing planned out. I was there vesterday, and Joe Hunter showed me some new goods at the silk counter, and informed me that he was going off to-day on some commis- ly. sion or other. The way he happened to tell me, we were laughing over April- have all been sold," said the merchant, Fool-day tricks, and he said there would almost fiercely. "I have lost a vase not be much of a chance for the clerks that can't be matched, and that cost me to fool him, as he was going off early in | seventy-five dollars; Jacobs has gone the morning. I'll just write, that hav- home with a sprained ankle, and the ing ordered several things-a silk dress whole house has been in a turmoil on had expected them yesterday, but as ought to have seen, Walters-you should they did not come, I shall be pleased if have had your wits about you, on this

the consequences. Fun was what she wanted, even at the expense of truth. most brilliant idea."

"Cruel!" said Atty, indignation in ner glance. "You'll never do it, Anne." "Won't I? You'll see : and that without giving you time to preach a sermon about it. I'm bent on making an April-Fool of Jack. He'll forgive me; don't be anxious: I know him. It will only

writing desk and her pen was rattling over the paper.

"I've half a mind to say, 'My Dear Jack.' I will; it's April-Fool's day Won't his handsome eves open?" and

hid it in a delicately-perfumed envelope. "I should like to see him when he gets it : that's all. You'll go right away, I suppose. It's already eleven, you know." Hetty took the missive and hurried off in high glee; while Atty, who could not appreciate nor yet prevent the joke, bent

over her work with indignant eyes. I'd never come here again, after that, if I were he, she said hotly to herself. It's an insult.

Hetty performed her part valiently. She went to the store; spoke a few words to her cousin, who was a clerk there; intercepted the cash-boy, who was running to change a twenty-dollar bill : bade him give the message to Mr. Walters, and walked carelessly out of the

door, laughing inwardly. "Here's something for you," said little Ben, as he slipped the envelope over a huge pile of silks shining in all

the colors of the rainbow. Jack placed the note in his vest pocket with just the faintest shadow of embarrassment, and after his customer had gone, stele a recess just three seconds

"My Dear Jack." The blood rushed to his face; he was in a perfect tremor of delight. When had Anne ever written to him before? But here were the lines, fresh from under her own white hand. She had calltemptuous. "He is a very pleasant en him Jack, "Dear Jack." Pocketing young gentleman, handy to have round, his trophy and his tumultuous emotions

He spoke to the chief clerk, an awproduced a list of them-a dress patern in silk, gloves, handkerchiefs-and they had not been sent home. Doubtless it was Joe Hunter's fault ; the goods had been bought of him. "The most careless clerk in the house," muttered the

must do better or leave.' Three or four clerks were sent at once to look the parcels over. There was great rolling aside and throwing down, "See how innocently surprised At' and not a few hard words were sifted in with the labor, for Dorset & Drew did furnished with a carpet that had done an immense business. Addresses were looked over, counters turned upside parlor floor up, for at least twenty years. he is her hero. She is a perfect little down, and that part of the shop was in There were dim shadows of circles, and

The senior partner had purchased a in worsted at an early period, but unique and beautiful vase that day, dreary grayness prevaded the entire which stood in its wrappings in the cor- width of the room-a ghastly reminder

"Of course, sir, responded Jack ruefully, "I shall pay it with pleasure." Another clerk, in jumping on a treacherous roll of cloth, fell and sprained his

ankle, and was obliged to go home. At last the books were resorted to. Dorset, who was an irascible man, had already made up his mind to turn off poor Joe Hunter, looked them over himself. As he was poring at the orders, columns, a clerk spoke to him in an un-

The thin face of the senior partner darkened, and he closed the book with

"Walters," said he sharply, "come here." And the young man went forward, perplexed and unhappy.

"Do you know what day it is, Walters?" queriel Dorset. "The -first-the devil!" muttered

Jack, shutting his lips together sudden --

"You have been sold, I think; we handsome Jack, and his spirit was sore a box of handkerchiefs, gloves, etc.—I account of a foolish woman's whim. You he will see that they are forwarded im- day, of all others. As for Miss Rath- caught their expression before. I would mediately. I'll address the note to Jack, burn, I should like to devise some way not have believed it of Anne. and of course he will fly to execute my of punishing her for so thoughtless a made a fool of me to be sure, but she the store at a rapid gait, looked back at the lesser lights take pattern. What bidding. Then there'll be a fuss, and I trick. I'm sure her father would nearly may rue it yet. I don't think I shall for- the unlucky day as he called it, and the defense have the girls who work for from die of mortification if he knew of it. The giddy girl never stopped to weigh | and he will certainly hear it. I'm very sorry. However, no use crying for spilt milk." And with a wave of the hand "Capital !" exclaimed Hetty; "It's Walters was dismissed, more chagrined, more angry, hurt, and sore, than he had ever been in his life.

cheeks pale, there he met little Atty

dence," she said, hurredly, her glittering eyes swimming under the brown hurt his vanity a little, and that won't lashes, as if the tears were very near there: "but I couldn't help coming: it By this time she had opened her was such a cruel thing-at least it seemed so to me. I hope I'm in time. Don't look for that package, Mr. Walters : it might put you to much trouble.'

"The trouble is all through with Miss Brown," said young Walters, with more again a soft rosy flush spread over her dignity than she had ever seen him assume before. "Tell Miss Rathburn, if you please, with my compliments, that I am infinitely obliged to her," and his eyes flashed. "Her little joke has cost

Again the great brown eves met his. full of sympathy; but he had frightened

"I thank you," he said in a softer ter. tone, seeing that her lip quivered. "You have proved to me that all women are not heartless. Good morning Miss

and wretched. Of course she could not known of her attempt to frustrate the "good joke," neither did she wish to incur the anger of one who could make

her thoroughly uncomfortable. Walters bore his fate that day with manly composure, outwardly, but his heart was like a seething caldron. Himself the soul of honor despite his poverty, he could not see how so gentle a girl as he had deemed his beautiful blonde, could so deliberately have delivered him over to the tormenters. course, he had much to bear throughout the day. There were inuendoes and subtle glances, one broad, open joke at his expense. For all the world he would not have had Anne Rathburn's name so bandied about, but there was no help for it. Her thoughtless planning had subjected her to shame, and him to suffering that sometimes almost amounted to absolute agony. He had thought that Anne loved him. It was quite impossible to think so now.

o'clock, that the senior partner privately told him he might go home, if he would take the trouble to execute a little commission for him on the way. which he gladly did.

Jack lived, or rather stayed at a fashionable boarding-house; but room was in the fifth story, and service for a series of rooms, from the vanishing ghosts of roses that flourished of the clerks, as Jack obeyed the summons. "Are you in the hands of Philner of a shelf, where Jack himself was of past beauty. The chairs were like-"Nonsense!" said Anne, the flush rummaging for the missing bundle, when wise souvenirs of "long, long ago," the deepening. Don't bother your head lo! there was a crash, and the vase for only one which he could use with com-

cavalier, and that is all. He's very fool- hundred dollars went down with a crash. Poor Jack could not afford luxuries ish if he ever presumes upon my kind- Dorset, who stood by, turned white, for his own use-he was too fond and the letter informing you of your uncle's It was in the fall of that same year price, and another keeper had to be

"That comes out of your salary. Wal. her sometimes more than half his salary. But there was one thing he would have, if it took it out of his bread and butter,

and that was a genuine wood fire. He had bought a fender and all the other accessories at auction : a small corner under the roof held his wood. He always made the fire himself, and when it was lighted, and sang old songs-as such dear old-fashioned fires invariably do-Jack's poor, meagrely-finished room was rather prettier and brighter than the stiff parlor below, with its circular wheel in the wall, radiating hot, unwholesome

Jack was exceedingly glad to occupy his thoughts with the fire, for, April though it was, the day had been raw and chilly, and when the lovely flames leaped and the wood crackled with a sound like bursting apples and trickle of sweet cider in it, his depression wore off just a little. He had been the victim of jokes innumerable all that day, inflicted by junior clerks and silly little girls who claimed a passing acquaintance with the he asked ending abruptly.

and his heart dejected. "How could she do it?" he asked himself, referring again and again to Anne's letter. "Seventy-five dollars slap out of my salary and new clothes out of the question. How sad and sympathetic call on you?" that little thing looked! Atty Brown, I think, her name is. By Jove! she had beautiful eyes, though. I never quite give her." And he settled his foot on the fender, while his fine face took up an ex- possible. On the whole it had been allpression of the sternest determination. tv. rather, and rich, and twenty-five.-She likes me, I think; and, by Jove! Going to his counter, his lips and I'll be even with Anne Rathburn vet."

There came a knock at the door. April Fool's day was not yet over, and Jack was on his guard. As he called out "come in!" an imp's face was cernable just on the inside of the brilliantly lighted room, for the wood-fire was doing its best.

"Pleathe, thir," lisped the tenor of for, by Anne's directions, for Miss Anthe house, the landlady's bright boy-a boy so exceedingly smart that everybody hated him-"did you thee the leeterth that come here to-day!"

march down stairs," said Jack But pleathe, thir, I aint a April-fool ing. The gentleman gave me a quarter to that question:

to thee that you thursly got it." "Oh, he did, did he?" growled Jack and happy." vigorously. "Well, you hurry down, or I'll see that you surely get it." And ed Anne. rising as he spoke, the indignant youngster fled, shricking with terror and laugh-

Notwithstanding, Jack felt considerable curiosity about the letters, and began peering round. Yes, they were, three of them, in the letter-rack. There Atty went home disquieted, trembling was noboly to spy, and he was under no particular obligation to inform himself, so he took one down, the bulkiest and tore off the wrapper. At the third cover he paused and bit his lip; at the fourth he threw them into the fire .-Then he took down the other two, smiling grimly. One was superscribed "Calcutta, India," and bore every appearance of being genuine; the other was in delicate lady's hand, the penmanship of

which very much resembled Anne's. "Forgeries!" he muttered; and the fellows who tried to no me, will surely be here. I'll fix up another bulky envelope, and then I'll let 'em stav there. just as I found them. I think one bit-

ter experience is enough." So he arranged the rack, and by that

time the bell called him to tea. Meantime, Miss Hetty and Miss Anne had their little conference. All had gone off triumphantly. Het's cousin, in describing the matter, had dwelt only on its ludicrous side, and when she in turn detailed it to Anne, all the rougher what pains busy hands were taking with edges were smoothed down. charm was broken-the spell in which half glad, half sorry. After the excite- superb beauty she swept into the room, she held him rudely dissolved. Through ment of the fun was over, she wondered dazzling in her faultless attire, Jack the meaning in the faces of the clerks, be very angry with her. Anyhow, what he saw her, disenchanted, unqueened, did it matter? She had never intended And yet he loved her too, in spite of to marry him-though, if he were only change, he was sure he did not, and better off, only rich-he was so fine He looked so jaded and worn at four looking! so interesting! and tell-tale

blushes reddened the girl's cheek. Het secretely hoped to turn the thing to her own advantage. She had always liked Jack, and would have given him her fortune and herself any time, if he had asked. So Hetty, kitten-like, purred only of encouragement to Anne, se-

cretly desiring the cream for herself. A week passed and Jack still resentful, had not called upon Anne. One day a dark, hollow-cheeked man, with a parchment face, and eyes of a remarkable brilliancy, walked into Dorset & Drew's, and inquired for Mr. Walters. "That's a Jew-lawyer," laughed one

The stranger introduced himself. from you, sir, before this, in relation to

which, I may now say are certainties," and Het were bridesmaids. It was un-

had no uncle-that I know of. My ceived no letter."

"Very strange!" said the little man haps not even that. with the parchment face, apparently mystified. The letter was sent to us as his solicitors, and I am sure it was forwarded to the proper direction, because I happen to know a gentleman who is a friend of yours, and he gave us the number of your place. Very singular! We mailed it on the 31st of March.

"On the-31st of March!" exclaimed Jack, flushing to the roots of his curly hair. "Oh! I remember. The fact is, that the 1st of April followed the 31st of March, and as I received some bogus communications-or rather suspected moneously displaced; to be cruelly drivthem to be such. It might be that let- en out of society; to have your heart, ter-in fact-it was post-marked India?" your intelligence, your thought, your

"It was Calcutta, India," said the little man, solemnly.

"I beg your pardon again; I'm sure," -Jack began growing redder and more earnest,-"I'll go directly home. I can get leave, I think, and then, suppose I

"Very happy, I'm sure, to be of serbell. We shall be delighted to see you per yard. These are the women who through;" and then, apparently fright- rule the street, drawing-rooms, theaters ened at his own impulsiveness, he left | -dare we say churches? After such fool's luck. Then he fell to thinking "Little she cares for my forgivenesss, per- of the chance speeches he had heard haps. There's Het Rogers. She's pret- from his mother's lips about "poor Frank," who had gone off to seek his should prove true-and then he started wore the same sweet, sympathetic expression that had remained in his mem-It was only a little parcel she had come

her devoted cavailer and willing slave. "Tell me how he looks, Atty, and what he says," was Anne's parting in-"No, and I don't want too; so you junction, and when they met again her

eves asked a question. Atty exulted a little when she replied

"I think I never saw him look so well "Didn't he say a word ?" half falter-

said Atty quietly. And only the next day Het came in with a loud. "HAVE you heard the news ?"

"Not a word, outside of business,"

Anne looked up, expectantly. Perhaps, from pique, Jack had gone and got married. Her heart sank. "You'll be astonished, but it's perfeetly true. Jack Walters has come, or is coming into an immense fortune. His

uncle has died in India, and he heirs Anne faintly smiled. Her heart fluttered, and she felt almost like crying. She had lost him-the handsomest man in her set, and now perhaps the richest -lost him by playing a foolish practical joke. He had not come to her feet; he had not even called upon her since, though she was quite ready and willing to apoliogize. The tears were provokingly near; it was all she could do to keep them from welling quite up and

dropping out. "Oh, and he'll know how to be a rich man." added Het. "He'll live and look

That very evening Jack called. As he sat in the fine parlor, he little knew Anne was Miss Anne's toilet; and when in her Institute, Mr. Boyle told the following

eminent artiste for an opera; but it was not to her alone. He should be very much pleased, he said, if her cousin

would go with her. "At' never cares to go to the opera," she was foolish enough to say, her cheeks hotly flushed, but interpreting the look in his eyes her woman wit came to the rescue: "but I think she would go on your invitation, and it will be delight- too much for the old salt. He immediful to witness her enjoyment.

So Anne speedily found herself second in importance. Atty was so charming in her simple toilet, so pure, tender and womanly, that Jack found himself gradually learning to long for the glances from under the brown lashes. His visits to the brown stone front were more It was, of course, his own image that he frequent than ever; but Anne knew also, "We expected some communication that they were not for her, charm she

careful of his mother for that, sending death, and your brilliant expectations, Atty and Jack were married, and Anne provided

derstood, however, that Anne would soon "Some communication-my uncle-I be a bride. Old Tim Warbeck, a banker, some said a millionaire, had been at mother's only brother died years ago- her feet for years, and she had rewardat least we have always believed him ed him at last. But nobody knew how dead. I beg your pardon; I have re- deep, down in her heart was a sorrow that only time could efface-and per-

HOMES REDUCED BY DRESS.

Only those women who have not the money to "dress" can fully appreciate the crushing weight which society ruthlessly heaps upon this disability. To be unable to "dress" is to be treated with almost disrespect in the car, the boat, at the public gathering, the street and the shop; to be ignored: to feel the shrug of contempt, the sneer of levity and the smile of scorn; to be thrust aside; to be laughed at; to be uncerevirture, your character held as nothing against silk; to be stung; to be outraged; to be proscribed; all this and much more for the lack of money to "dress."

It matters not whether this rule of society is right or wrong, the fact remains to blight and to ruin. The fashionable lady thinks nothing of paying \$72 for making a dress, made up of vice. There is our card, Gooch & Lub. forty yards of silk, at from \$4 to \$10

letter he had so slighted, would be im- \$4 to \$10 per week against this affray ! The rich can be fashionable, the poor cannot be by honest means. The poor industrious shop girl looks upon \$50 dresses and they are beyond her reach. There is a \$40 gulf between her and fortune, and about whom for years and them-between her and the respect and years nothing had been heard. If it attention of society. Her virtue will span the chasm. She longs to lift the from his trance to find himself addressed load of poverty, to receive the caress by Atty Brown, whose glorious eyes of society, to be freed from bonbage .-She sells herself to hell for dress. After the first step is taken it is not long ory, after that trying All-Fool's day. before all useful labor is eschewed. and the foul vice made to be the only service of income. This is no picture, but what ne was mourning in her fashion after happens every day, and is a plain statement of how the recruits to brothels are

> This mania for "dress" is devastating our American society and demoralizing American women to an alarming extent. The wives and daughters of the rich men who lead society in this fearful race of extravagance are responsible for a great share of the prostitution which curses the nation as well as for thousands of business failures, scattered families, and the long train of miseries among us under the cover of "keeping up appearances." Let those who have the courage take this lesson and act upon it.

CURIOUS FREAKS OF LIGHTNING-FITCHBURG, MASS. JULY 18. A severe thunder storm passed over this city vesterday afternoon, during which, the lightning struck the house of Mr. Geo. C. Cady, doing considerable damage.-The lightning struck one of the rods on the house, melting off the point, and then passing down the rod to a level with the windows of the second story, passed directly through the side of the house into a small cupboard under the sink and from there to the ground floor, entering a closet where crockery was stored and broke all the crockery and glass in the room. Thence it went out through the side of the house and entered the large pipes of the city water works and burst them in several places, one piece being more than 600 feet from where the fluid first struck. The family of Mr. Cady were like a prince. We can't reach him now away at the time and no one was in the you know," she added, with a provoking house. The damage is estimates at \$200 to Mr. Cady, and the same to the

> Superstition .- At a recent meeting of the Polytechnic Club of the American

At a newly-erected lighthouse along the New Island Sound, an old sailor was lamp, he neglected his instructions to draw the curtains down, and the setting sun, shining through one of the large lenses, had, of course, its rays concentrated in the focus, and as here the lamp is placed, the heat was sufficient to light to his utter amazement. He put it out, but had become so nervous for the whole night that his own image frightened him as he saw it reflected in the plate glass of the lantern, with the dark sky outside and the strong light inside. The next morning at daybreak he put out the light, when at sunrise the sun lit it up again, for the same reason as it happened the evening before. This was ately packed his trunk and left, without, notice to any one, and was only missed when at night the lighthouse remained dark. When found in the neighboring village he declared that the lighthouse was bewitched, that satan had lighted his lamp twice, and that he had seen him in propria persona during the whole night outside the tower, looking at him. had seen. His supposition was, to be sure, not complimentary to himself in regard to his own appearance, but he was not to be induced to return at any

Vest Glover, May 10, 1872.